An angrie arme againſt his miniſter.
Dut. Where then alas may I complaine my ſelfe?
Gaunt. To God, the Widowes Champion and defence.
Dutc. Why then I will: farewell old *Gaunt*,
Thou goeſt to Couentrie, there to behold
Our Cooſin Herford and fell Mowbray fight.
O ſet my Husbands wrongs on Herfords Speare,
That it may enter Butcher Mowbrayes breaſt.
Or if misfortune miſſe the firſt carrier,
Be Mowbraies ſinnes ſo heauie in his boſome,
That they may breake his foming Courſers backe,
And throw the rider headlong in the liſts,
A Caytiffe recreant to my Cooſin Herford.
Farewell old *Gaunt*, thy ſometimes Brothers wife,
With her companion, griefe muſt end her life.
Gaunt. Siſter farewell, I muſt to Couentrie:
As much good ſtay with thee, as go with me.
Dutch. Yet one word more; griefe boundeth where it fals
Not with the emptie hollowneſſe, but weight:
I take my leaue before I haue begunne,
For ſorrow ends not when it ſeemeth done:
Commend me to my Brother Edmund Yorke;
Loe this is all: nay yet depart not ſo,
Though this be all, do not ſo quickly goe,
I ſhall remember more: Bidd him; ah what?
With all good ſpeed at Plaſhie viſite me.
Alacke and what ſhall good old Yorke there ſee,
But emptie Lodgings and vnfurniſht walles,
Vnpeopled Offices, vntrodden Stones;
And what heare there for welcome, but my grones?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there,
To ſeeke out ſorrow, that dwels euery where;
Deſolate, deſolate will I hence and die:
The laſt leaue of thee takes my weeping eye. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lord Marſhall and the Duke Aumerle.
Mar. My Lord *Aumerle*, is Harry Herford armde?
Aumerle. Yea at all points, and longs to enter in.

Mar.

Mar. The Duke of Norfolke ſprightfully and bold,
Staies but the ſummons of the appellants trumpet.
Aum. Why then the Champions are prepard, and ſtay
For nothing but his Maieſties approach.

The trumpets ſound, and the King enters with his Nobles: when they are ſet, enter the Duke of Norfolke in armes defendant.
King. Marſhall, demaund of yonder Champion,
The cauſe of his arriuall heere in armes,
Aske him his name, and orderly proceed
To ſweare him in the iuſtice of his cauſe.
Mar. In Gods name and the Kings, ſay who thou art,
And why thou commeſt thus Knightly clad in armes?
Againſt what man thou comſt, and what's thy quarrell,
Speake truely on thy Knight-hood, and thy oath,
As ſo defend thee heauen and thy valour.
Mow. My name is *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of *Norfolke*,
Who hither come engaged by my oath,
(Which God defend a Knight ſhould violate)
Both to defend my loyaltie and truth,
To God, my King, and my ſucceeding iſſue,
Againſt the Duke of Herford that appeales mee,
And by the grace of God, and this mine arme,
To prooue him in defending of my ſelfe,
A Traytor to my God, my King, and mee:
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.

The Trumpets ſound, enter Duke of Herford appellant in armour.
King. Marſhall, aske yonder Knight in armes,
Both who he is, and why he commeth hither
Thus plated in habiliments of Warre,
And formerly, according to our law,
Depoſe him in the iuſtice of his cauſe.
Mar. What is thy name, & wherfore comſt thou hither
Before King *Richard* in his Royall liſts?
Againſt whom comeſt thou? and what's thy quarrell?
Speake like a true Knight, ſo defend thee Heauen,